Westwords

WESTWORDS

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Julie Wilson, Editor

Staff:
Pat Crampton
Jo Ellen Cunningham
Judy Endler
Renate Kerris
Dora Szabo
Pat Wedemeyer

Sister Mary Laurentia, Faculty Advisor

Archives
MSMC

Water's Speeches

When, with the two pilgrims, we push ourselves along Satan's shaggy sides, pass the center of earth, and climb at last out of Dante's inferno, we find a new world. Here refreshment washes over our senses. Birds sing, people smile, the sun shines, green life thrusts up from the mountain, and water is everywhere.

At the bottom of the mountain is a place "where the dew contends with the sun" and Virgil spreads his hands on the wet grass. Then Dante, like a child, lifts his face and Virgil washes away the smoke of hell. We climb to the top and look across a stream to see Matilda singing and gathering flowers. She helps Dante through Lethe where sorrows are washed away, and into the river Eunoe where remembrance of joys is restored.

Then, says Dante; "I came back from the most holy waters born again, like young plants renewed by their new foliage, pure and prepared to mount to the stars." No wonder the poem is set during Eastertide. Purgatory is indeed a baptismal world where all is new and springing life.

No wonder, too, that the spring festival of resurrection is full of references to water: water which washes away death, dark waters into which we plunge on Good Friday to be born again with Christ new risen. Westwords in its Easter issue celebrates all waters: baptism by which God's life springs in us, waters of creativity which fructify the roots of poetry, and all the waters of earth which tumble and sing down the mountains.

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Joan Spaeth Nangano '59

Eliot's Rose and the QUARTETS

The thousand years of the yew tree are equivalent to the hour of the rose's perfection. (Preston)

The complex meaning of Eliot's rose appears in one form or another throughout Eliot's wasteland world, but not until Four Quartets are its moral and spiritual possibilities fully exploited. This poem completes Eliot's vision of the Christian life, a life in which contemplation and action, time and eternity are beautifully integrated.

The total meaning of the Quartets concerns the movement from the life of the senses to the life of the spirit, as well as the spiritual clarification of reality that takes place in this movement. The rose image is closely related to this spiritual clarification of reality. It appears thirteen times in the entire poem: five times in "Burnt Norton," twice in "East Coker," twice in "The Dry Salvages," and four times in "Little Gidding."

Nine of these thirteen appearances of the rose image occur in the first and last Quartets: "Burnt Norton," and "Little Gidding." The rose, moreover, is especially prominent in the beginning stanzas of the first poem, and at the end of the last one. This study will consider three of the rose images which appear in the first stanzas of "Burnt Norton," and one very important one at the end of "Little Gidding." These four carry the weight of the rose's meaning.

Since the rose is the acknowledged symbol of all types of love: human and divine, appetitive and spiritual, let us examine Eliot's uses of it in these places. As we shall see, the first images suggest a human love experience, while those of the last Quartet culminate in a divine love which gathers the human experience into itself.

One of the first images met in the early lines of "Burnt Norton" is the rose-garden. The similarity of this to the garden of the god of Love in the medieval Roman de la Rose suggests the possibility of lost human love.

In the Roman, the rose symbolizes the medieval conventions of courtly love. The speaker, who is the protagonist, relates how he had a vision of a beautiful garden, where the god of Love and all his train were making merry. Among the flowers he was shown a Rose, the symbol of his lady, and wounded by Cupid's arrows he was overcome by the desire to possess it.

His suit was opposed by Chastity, Danger, Shame, and Wicked-Tongue and helped by Franchise, Pity, and Fair-Welcoming. Once, through the interposition of Venus herself, Fair-Welcoming allowed him to kiss the Bud. But Fair-Welcoming was punished by imprisonment, and the lover banished from the garden. In the end, however, he finally gains possession of the Rosebud.

The similarity of the experiences in the two rose-gardens extends to what actually happens to the lover in the Roman and the speaker in the Quartets:

> Footfalls echo in the memory
> Down the passage which we did not take
> Towards the door we never opened
> Into the rose-garden.

Both seek to enter the garden of love.

However, unlike the lover in the Roman, who is banished by another, Eliot's speaker in the Quartets banishes himself from the garden by a refusal to open the door into his rose-garden--or love experience--and he is thus his own opponent. The mentioning of the "door never opened" suggests the possibility that the speaker (and whomever else he includes in "we") is referring to a lost opportunity of opening the door to some kind of love experience symbolized by the rose-garden.

But the reader is never sure what kind of love experience the protagonist is referring to in the Four Quartets; that is, whether the rose-garden symbolizes the chivalrous love of a woman as in the Roman, or another human love or some art or science, occupation, or thing. This vagueness is deliberate in order to extend the symbolized love experience of the senses from the individual speaker to the "we" of the entire modern world. In effect, the extension of the symbolized love experience expands into a statement of the co-existence of all times, loves and experiences: "the ever-presence of past and future."

Yet in the lines immediately following, the speaker asks why he should remember or strive to recapture the initial love experience:

> . . .But to what purpose
> Disturbing the dust on a bowl of rose leaves
> I do not know. . .

Why disturb "the dust on a bowl of" withered and decayed "rose leaves" when remembering only stirs a sense of failure: a present sense of failure to act which now cannot remedy his past omission.

The speaker partly answers his own question later when the rose image is used for the last time in "Burnt Norton."

> . . .Time past and time future
> Allow but a little consciousness.

To be conscious is not to be in time
But only in time can the moment in the rose-garden,
. . .Be remembered; involved with past and future.
Only through time time is conquered.

In these lines the rose image is starting to undergo a transformation from the symbol of a human appetitive love experience to the divine spiritual experience that culminates in the last line of the fourth quartet, "Little Gidding," when "the fire and the rose are one." Paradoxically, the barrier to the transformation is time, but "only through time time is conquered." Only through man's human concept of time "can the moment in the rose-garden. . .be remembered" that will lead to the spiritual experience--the advance toward spiritual rebirth and the peace of divine love.

The nature of this first human love experience in "Burnt Norton" and its transformation into the divine love experience of "Little Gidding" reminds us of Dante's first sight of Beatrice described in the Vita Nuova which leads to his idealization of her as the symbol of divine revelation in the Divine Comedy. He informs us more than once in the "Inferno" of the evil habits into which he fell in the decade after Beatrice's death. But Beatrice as a symbol of revelation sees his plight from heaven and sends him human understanding in the form of his beloved Virgil to lead him out of the "Inferno" through the "Purgatorio."

At this point revelation embodied in Beatrice appears to conduct him to the ecstasy of the "Paradiso." Dante is shown time, flowing like a river of light; and when his eyes have drunk of it he sees it as a circle, the Rose of Eternity--where Beatrice has ascended to take her place. Here he sees all times and all places present at once in the state in which all desire is perfectly fulfilled.

This same fulness of reconciliation and union between human and divine love is expressed in "Little Gidding." The union of all creation with its Creator is the final goal echoed by Eliot in the last lines of the Quartets:

And all shall be well and
All manner of things shall be well
When the tongues of flame are infolded
Into the crowned knot of fire
And the fire and the rose are one.

The flames of Purgatory merge into the fires of Pentecost, and the divine fire and the rose--the symbol of love--are one. What began with the futility of the Waste Land has lead to the fulness of Christian love, brought about through divine grace that fructifies all human effort.

Just as Dante's love for Beatrice is the human experience that leads to his vision of God in the "Paradiso," so is the symbolized

memory in the rose-garden the initial experience for Eliot's speaker that leads to the culminating spiritual affirmation in "Little Gidding." Both instances occur in the world of the senses and are human experiences that lead to the love of God. Thus, at the end of "Little Gidding," the rose image used in Four Quartets carries not only the human sensual associations of the Roman de la Rose but the religious associations of the mystic rose of the "Paradiso."

Betsy Fleming '61

Orchestral Poems

The strings
    the soaring, sky-arched things--
    so once a self of me
    and spring-souled ecstasy!
Are muted now
    I only bow
    And listen as they strain
    To lift me once again.

The brass
Gold, glittering glass
    Is shattered--
    Passions scattered--
rent apart.

María Pía Riedemann '60

To Charles de Foucauld, On His Death

Well! So you've finally
got what you asked for
(don't try to deny it's your fault)
with that open-door, welcome-all
come-little-brethren deal
(quite folly, we told you)
and were right; but since
you insisted -- a blood death, no less
(you say you enjoyed the bullet?)
one would hope for silence now. . .I mean,
we can't stop you from playing hero, of course,
but Charles, please. . .
(must you speak so loud?)

(Born in Strasbourg, France, on September 15, 1858, Charles Eugene de Foucauld pursued a wild life of adventure and self-indulgence until his reconversion to Catholicism in 1888. Two years later, he entered a Trappist Monastery, but seeking yet greater rejection and sacrifice he was dispensed from his vows and shortly afterward retreated to a remote region of the Sahara Desert where he lived in total poverty among the Touregs, a hostile nomadic tribe, until his assassination at the hands of the Touregs on December 1, 1916.)

Margaret DeGuide '63

Fantasy in Black

We all knew that Judas Crackett hated the Negroes. In fact, the people in Sow's Ear said, although not too loudly, that he was proud of it. And he didn't deny it either. He was always calling them black swine or something worse. The women would blush properly and say "shameful." Although they never said it too loudly, for everyone was afraid of Judas Crackett.

He was big and hairy and had gnarly hands like the dead limbs on the Ghost Tree. And when his voice boomed out its loud curses, you couldn't help feeling the goose pimples tingle up the back of your neck right into your hair. The slaves used to say it was the voice of the "devil hisself."

Of course, Judas' name wasn't really Judas; people just called him that. He used to tell how after his ma died his father took up with a greasy mulatto from their plantation. He had called his father a Judas and worse, and the name simply passed on. We all used to laugh, although not too loudly, when he told this story, because everyone knew that Judas Crackett's mistress was black.

The incident I really came to tell you about all started one afternoon. It was really hot in town and everyone was lying around too miserable to bother anyone else. Even Mrs. Tuttle's wagging tongue gave up the ghost under the blazing sun. Judas came lumbering out of the barber shop, smelling pretty and muttering low curses about that blasted sun. He was heading for the saloon, to get out of the heat he said, and was just turning the corner when he bumped--hard--into a toasty brown colored boy. Everyone could see there was trouble so we all backed away. All except the boy. He stood up straighter and looked Judas right in the eye.

"Excuse me," he said, as he started to move on.

"Excuse you," roared Judas, "I'll excuse, right off this earth, I'll excuse you."

With this he grabbed the boy by the shirt and started to throw him down. But we could see that the lad wouldn't take that and the next second a gleam of steel flashed in our eyes. And before we knew it, it was pushed--hard--into Judas' chest.

He dropped so fast that I thought he was dead already, but then I heard him groan. So a few of us unfroze enough to carry him

inside. He really looked funny, lying there with the handle of the knife standing proudly on his front like a trophy. But for some reason we didn't laugh. The doctor came and made us all leave and about ten minutes later he solemnly announced that Judas was surely going to die. But that he had refused to go until he was sure "that nigger would swing from the highest tree in the county." So we all promised that we'd hang him, because we knew that the boy would have to die anyway, since he killed a white man. And then Judas passed on peacefully knowing that he was taking "one of their kind" with him.

* * * * *

Right after he died, Judas laid there in the darkness for a few seconds. And then he felt himself moving, faster and faster he was being drawn toward Something.

"This is the judgment," he reasoned, for off in the distance he saw a figure all in white and he knew that this was the Lord. So he rehearsed a few high-sounding phrases to use in his behalf and by this time he was at the feet of the Lord.

"Judas Crackett, this is your God speakin'. What have you got to say for yourself?"

But Judas couldn't say a word. He could just stare at those feet and stare and stare. There were two of them, with five toes on each foot and an arch and they had ankles. . . but they were black!

"Look at me, Judas Crackett, look at your God."

Judas looked up slowly horror-stricken. It was the same, the face was the same, the face was black too and so were the hands and the neck and the hair, it was kinky and shiny and black black black!

"You have nothing to say?" accused the Lord. Judas hadn't, he just stared at those high cheekbones, that broad nose, the black face. And he was glad he didn't have a body now, because he knew he would be vomiting shamelessly if he did.

Just then the Lord made a pointing gesture and it was down. Judas knew it was for him and he knew it was too late to disobey, too late for anything but going, going down. It felt like being in quicksand, being sucked under and knowing there was no one around to help you. It was utterly, utterly hopeless.

* * * * *

Meanwhile, there was a big funeral back in Sow's Ear. Everyone was there--because they were afraid not to be. The Reverend spoke long and loud, his voice rising dramatically at the proper times. But they were words which few understood or believed. Nevertheless we men stood with our hats pressed against

FANTASY IN BLACK (continued on page 39)

Swallow

slowly

step the

spiral stairs

up to the stars

and then

soar down

the bannister

Gull

glide

down frosted

cloud hills

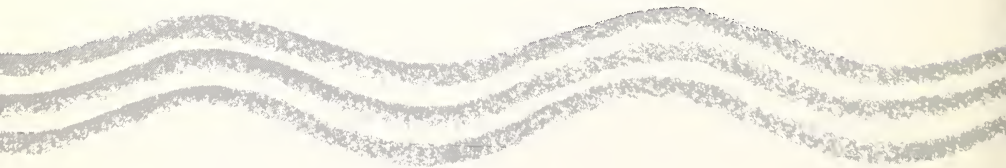
slide!

ski

above the

ice-rimmed

sea



Betsy Fleming '61

Betsy Fleming '61

The Giant Killer

They say a man fears failure most,
a woman loneliness--

I do not know, I do remember
rain-starred long ago November
standing high upon a hill
we looked down at the city still
with night and mist,
you touched my face, and then you kissed
me, turned and spoke into the quiet,
"I must conquer that sprawling giant
before he swallows me," you said--
"so many men and hopes live dead,
he always gives a single chance,
I've got to plan mine out," your glance
and manhood grown
whispered, "alone--
but wait for me."
I waited, time slid rapidly;
now it does not move at all.
I listen to each giant fall.
You have success--
I loneliness,
but fear left me one quiet day,
yours will never go away.

Betsy Fleming '61

Refugeé

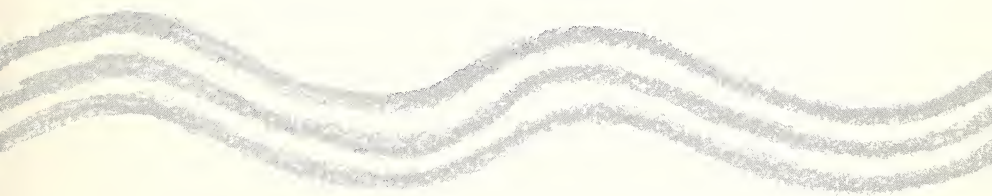
So many nights
I close my eyes,
watch golden oceans
against foaming skies;
feel gentle wind-waves,
warm hands of the sun,
hear brown winged sailors
soft-welcome the dawn,

So many mornings
I wake up to see
fog-locked horizons,
haughty palm tree,
silent gray city,
lonely white gull,
I long for the homeland,
eyes wet, and heart full.

a-hy-phen-ated-ode

I write you an ode
to hyphenated words
to sea-swirled clouds
and wind-tossed birds
sun-swept sands
rain-blown skies
star-sprayed nights
and earth-warmed rise!

Such soul-filled language
wouldn't you say?
Just perfectly lovely
and not one cliché. . .
You say you're sick of hyphenation?
Why, that fills me with consternation,
You can't just say a bird's a bird,
Mule-toppedest thought I ever have heard!



Betsy Fleming '61

Sister Pauline Therese, C.S.J.

Symbols and Meaning in "The Flight"

When we study carefully Steinbeck's excellent short story, "The Flight," we find that it is rich in symbolic patterns. One of the most interesting of these is that which shows Pepe's loss of the outward symbols which, he thinks, make him a man, his taking on of animal characteristics, but at the same time his retention of true manhood.

The symbolic pattern is this: for the main character, Pepe Torres, certain objects have value since their possession denotes the fulness of manhood. Four important manhood symbols occur in the story: the hat and hatband, the gun, the black coat of Pepe's father, and the knife. The last plays a dual role. As a manhood symbol it represents the strength and security that Pepe seeks; as an animal symbol it represents the primitive instinct to defend oneself.

One by one the symbols of manhood are lost as the story progresses, and at each loss, Pepe takes on an animal characteristic.

From the beginning we have some insight into the character of Pepe. He was lazy and his mother excused him: "When I carried thee, a sneaking lazy coyote came out of the brush and looked at me one day. That must have made thee so."

Pepe had a happy disposition and when his mother reproached him, he would smile at this and stab his knife into the ground. That knife was his most valued possession, the symbol of his ability to take care of himself. He was skilled in its use and when Emilio would shout the signal "Pepe's wrist flicked like the head of a snake."

When Pepe was sent on an errand alone to Monterey, he considered himself a man and entitled to certain privileges. He would have the tooled band on his hat. "The black hat. . . gave him dignity and age." And later on, Mama Torres mused, "He is nearly a man now." The second symbol of manhood had been added.

Pepe returned early from this journey and confessed to his mother that he must go away, for he had killed a man. The treasured knife, like the instinctive claw of an animal on the defensive, had flown as if by itself when the man said things to Pepe that he could not allow. Mama Torres knew that her little coyote would be hunted. Once more she prepared him for a journey and gave him

a waterbag, blanket, some black jerky, and a worn rifle with ten cartridges. The crown to these accoutrements was the black coat of Pepe's father. The gun and the coat made up the final symbols of manhood which Pepe received.

After journeying into the mountains, Pepe soon discovered that somewhere his pursuers were getting close to his trail. He would eat some of the jerky and then move on, he thought. He reached for his knife but it was gone. He was a little less a man and a little more an animal as he chewed the stringy beef with his strong white teeth. A wildcat passing by stopped to observe him, but after a moment stalked away, not afraid of a fellow animal.

Sounds heralded the approach of the pursuers and Pepe moved on. It was too late that he discovered the loss of a second manhood symbol, the hat with the hatband. Now "without warning Pepe's horse screamed and fell on its side. He was almost down before the rifle crash echoed up from the valley." Pepe was alone now. "He moved with the instinctive care of an animal," as he began to crawl on his stomach in the dust.

Another shot rang out and Pepe was wounded by a sliver of granite. He packed the cut with a mass of spider web to stop the bleeding. In the morning, after a fitful sleep, the wound was a swollen, infected burden of pain. The heavy sleeve pressed against it, making it throb, therefore, the black coat, so important to his sense of manhood, was shed in the brush.

Thirst joined the forces against him and the boy had to dig a hole in the stream bed to catch some water. A mountain lion paused to watch the strange efforts of this human being. He was fascinated for several hours, never menacing, never moving until suddenly, silently, he went off into the bushes. Then the sound of a yelping dog sent Pepe to his feet and on his way to another ridge where he stopped to rest and sleep.

The moon shining in his face interrupted his rest and the need to keep moving spurred him up the hill. On the way he discovered that he had left his rifle and in a daring search went back down into the brush. It was not there. Knife, hat, coat, and now the gun--all are gone.

Soon the pain of the arm became unbearable. "With the effort of a hurt beast, Pepe got up and moved again toward the top of the ridge." The pain was maddening; he tried to speak but only hissing, animal sounds came forth.

At dawn, the effort to think was possible again. He was a man once more. Pepe regarded the swollen arm and the black line of poison from wrist to armpit. It must be opened. But his knife was long gone. An animal, however, uses the things provided. "He picked up a sharp blade of stone and scraped at the wound, sawed

at the proud flesh and then squeezed the green juice out in big drops. Instantly he threw back his head and whined like a dog." There was a period of blackness, then, suddenly, Pepe drew himself up alert. "He lifted his head to listen, for a familiar sound had come to him from the valley he had climbed out of; it was the crying yelp of hounds, excited and feverish, on a trail."

Pepe tried to make the Sign of the Cross as he stood up. That was the visible dividing line that proved him even in his extremity, not entirely animal. He stood erect on the top of the rock like a proud stag. Two bullets felled him and he settled finally against a bush as the rush of dust slowly covered up his head.

During his anguished flight, there was a great deal of the animal about Pepe. He was stalked like a beast, he howled like an animal, he was shot down like a beast of prey, he was deprived of all those things in which he thought manhood consisted. But he was not stripped of his manhood because of all this.

Why? Because Pepe's manhood had been accidental when it was made up of material things. His immaturity had been merely camouflaged, not remedied, by them. When these symbols are removed he seems to be degraded to the animal level. But upon reflection, we begin to realize that his animal traits are now accidental. In the face of terror he is brave, at the nearness of death he can still pray, and on that rock in the last moment before his death, he is proud and regains his dignity when the fatal shot rings out.

Courage

The waves thunder and

White caps foam, but

The rocks stand firm;

Unyielding, the ocean, in fury,

Strikes again and again.

Judy Barasa '63

Four Blue Jays

Come--sckreetching--
Glide branchwise
Follow ghostlings
    Goosewise around
Then--Chicken to a stop.
Peer around
Hyena s c k r e e t c h
    at all you see.

Proud devils
your RED throb
gives you away
Find another color
Enjoy a GREEN
It hides you well
Forget the branch
Its thorns ache
for you
Blue fellow
Seek your OWN
Melt into a
Dew drenched
S K Y

Kathy Jeffares '61

Necessity

Swoop and soar and sing
You vicious, tantalizing thing

You have no fear--
And have no mesh to keep you here.

Squawk Freedom!
Chirp Flight!

I must stay and fight.

Judi Bauerlein '60

María Pía Riedemann '60

Last Night

I wonder what time it is. I'm sitting here on this cot with my feet against the cement floor and it seems like I've been here for years and years but of course I haven't. Everything so cold. . . the floor, and the rough gray blanket that's all clammy where my hand has been pressing it, and my feet; everything, everything cold. And everything gray. . . gray shadows across a gray floor, gray bars, gray blanket, gray walls; everything gray.

Where am I. Why am I here. Am I crazy. No. This is the place where they put people like me. People who are murderers. Murderers. Ugly word that. I'm ugly too. I must be. I'm a murderer. That's why I'm here. This is where they put people like me. Murderers.

I'm lucky. You don't think so. You ought to see that guy Buster over there in the next cell. He's always crying. Have you seen a man weep? Yah, weep. That guy Buster weeps. Gets on one's nerves. But you aren't supposed to have nerves here. Murderers don't have nerves. Poor guy. Maybe he's got a wife. Kids too. Maybe that's why. I'm lucky. Twenty and don't have a wife. No kids. Not even a girl. Well, there's Lori, but she doesn't count. I mean, she's a nice kid and all, but her old man's a rat. . ."Just you leave Lori alone you. . .I'll not have any girl of mine running off with any..." See what I mean. Can't do anything with guys like that. So I leave Lori alone. So it doesn't matter. I'm lucky. Poor guy.

I wonder what time it is. Here comes the guard. He walks past every few minutes. Maybe I'll ask him what time it is. Time. What time. But it doesn't really matter. Poor guy. He's so innocent. Yesterday he comes and gives me a book. Real sweet like. From that priest chaplain guy. The Mercy of God. Funny title isn't it. Mercy. What is mercy. What is God. I wonder. God God God. The guard must know. He's so innocent. Not like me. Poor guy. I'm lucky. Only twenty. No wife. Kids. No girl. Maybe I'll ask the guard what God is. He must know. He's so innocent. He doesn't look at me. I'm ugly. Murderer. Poor innocent guy. Young. Maybe he's scared. Maybe he doesn't like to look at ugly things. But I'm lucky.

Look at Buster. Still weeping. Gets on one's nerves. I wonder why. It isn't his last night. Maybe that's why. He has to

wait. Always wait wait wait. I wait too. But I'm lucky. This is my last night. It won't be long now. I wonder what it feels like. Poor guy Buster.

Here comes the guard again. I wonder what time it is. Will it be this time. This time. No. He's going past. He doesn't look at me. Poor innocent guy. I'm lucky. Poor good guy. Young. He looks scared. He's a cop. I killed a cop. I'm ugly. Murderer. Murderer. Poor guy. Why does he look scared. I can't hurt him. He doesn't know. A mistake. In cold blood they said. Cold blood. I'm a murderer. Poor good guy. Maybe I'm scared too. He doesn't know. Murderers don't have nerves. In cold blood. He doesn't know anything. He's so innocent. But maybe he knows what God is. I'll ask him. Ask. . .

How long. Poor guy Buster stops weeping. Funny to hear a murderer weep. Poor Guy. This isn't his last night. Wife. Kids. Poor guy. Maybe there is no last night for him. I'm lucky. Twenty.

Here's the guard. Is it time. Poor innocent guy. Time. It is time. I don't look at him. I can see the gray shadow on the gray floor. Poor guy. He doesn't like to look at me. He's innocent. Now he has to ask me if I want anything. They always have to ask that. On the last night. Last night. No no no I don't want anything. I'm fine. I'm lucky. No wife. Kids. Only twenty. In cold blood. Mistake. I didn't want to do it. Scared. People do things sometimes. Scared. I'm fine. I'll come now. It's O.K. I'm fine. Fine. Fine. . .

Maybe the stars are shining tonight. I used to watch stars on a dark night. It's nice. Innocent stars. Everything sweet beautiful innocent. I'm not. I'm ugly.

I wonder how far it is. How long it takes. Poor innocent guy. He doesn't like to look at me. I'm ugly. Maybe I'll ask him now. What is God. He knows. He's innocent. Poor guy. He knows. God God. God. But I don't ask him. I'm O.K. I'm fine.

Poor guy. I wonder what it feels like. Not long now. What is God. In cold blood. Mistake mistake. Mistake. Poor innocent guy. I'm scared too. Poor guy. Young, I wonder what God is. He doesn't know much. He's so innocent. I'm O.K. I'm lucky. Poor guy. A mistake. I'll ask him what mercy is. Maybe. Maybe a lot of things. Mercy. God God God. The Mercy of God.

Sure. I'm coming. I'm ready now. I don't want anything. Poor scared guy. So innocent. I don't need anything from you. You don't have anything. The mercy of God. It's not long now. The cement floor in the hall is gray like the cells.

Hey Buster. The floor in the hall is gray like our cells. Good-bye Buster. Hey Buster please say good-bye. Good-bye. Poor guy. It's not your last night.

It doesn't matter what time it is now.

Boy in Spring Rain

See the boy dawdle
Alone in the road
Watching clouds unzip
And pour out their load
of precious Spring rain
on dusty dry lane.

He wiggles his toes
In welcome mud pools
And catches sweet drops
Of rainbow-wet jewels
to roll on his tongue.
First Spring rain has come!

Judy Scherb '60

The Tenth April: A Child's Poem

As long as I shall live, I know
That every springtime I will go
To walk on paths of wakened earth
Who smiles upon each gentle birth
Of small shy things,
And listen to the wind that sings
soft promises.

Then quickly I will run to look
Upon the little chuckling brook
And bend and touch my fingertips
Down for a quick and tingling kiss!
Breathless, I'll throw my arms up high
And hug to me the bright blue sky
of happiness.

Betsy Fleming '61

Mary Twersky '63

Island of Love

Kintu awoke early from his deep slumbers. For a moment he lay still, savoring the sensual beauty about him. The rising sun made the morning sky blush to a pink-red glow. The odor of flowers in bloom tickled his nostrils and brought a smile to his lips. Chanting love songs in the tree tops, the birds aroused a fierce passion in his breast. It was a passion for the island and everything about it. He rose and walked to the door of his parents' hut. For a short moment the fear returned to him. He was happy here with his family. Here was peace; here was security untouched by danger. Was he ready to leave the home of his family and make a new home, one for him and Leana?

"Kintu, are you awake yet?" His mother's soft yet strong voice fell on his ears from the other room. She was fixing breakfast, no doubt, as she had always been when he awoke. No matter how early it was she had always been up already, with his food prepared.

"Yes mother," he replied. "This is the last time," he thought, "That I shall so answer, the last time that I'll awake here."

"Well then come in for breakfast. I've fixed something special for your last morning."

He turned from the doorway quickly lest someone see the furtive tear steal down his cheek. Tall, strong men of eighteen don't cry, certainly not on their wedding day.

"Kintu," his mother's voice was dismayed when he entered the kitchen, "you do not look as a young man should who is about to marry the fairest girl of them all."

"I'm only a little frightened, mother, as any young man would be. For this step, once taken, can never be retraced."

"My son, you must always make Leana a good husband. Leana is not only beautiful, she is also a fine girl. I could ask nothing more for my son than this wonderful marriage."

"Mama, mama," a child burst in, her face flushed and excited, "mama, everyone on the island is coming to the wedding. Will there be much food?"

Kintu laughed and swung the child onto his lap, noticing how dark hair and eyes were so like his own. "Yes Manea, there

will be more food than you have ever seen. There will be 5,000 roast pigs and 10,000 baked fish and 2,000 crates of bananas and..."

"Kintu," his mother reprimanded sharply, "you should not tell the child such lies."

"Mother, mother you never were one for a joke. But there is no time for this. We must make ready."

Manea scampered down from his lap and ran outside again happily. As Kintu prepared to leave the kitchen also, his mother's voice stopped him.

"Kintu, I was at the hut of the Great Priest last week. He gave me a potion which will keep sorrow from our house because our son is leaving. He said that you must drink it on the morning of the wedding," her voice broke and she fought back tears. "I do not know if anything can keep this sorrow from my heart."

"Mother, it will work if the Great Priest says it will."

"I hope so. But tell me, my son, why are you afraid?"

"Leana is the most beautiful girl on the island, why should she choose to marry me? I'm not so handsome nor so wealthy. I have so little to offer and she has so much."

"Kintu, Leana loves you. When a woman truly loves a man, little else matters. The rest of the world falls away and with her love she builds an island for herself and her man in the midst of this sea of fear. As long as neither ventures from that island or doubts the strength of it, there can be no hurt too great to be borne. But let that sanctuary be violated and the woman dies. For her there is nothing left."

"My mother speaks with vast wisdom."

"Child, your mother is old. She speaks from life. Life itself is the greatest teacher. But enough of this. Prepare for your wedding, my son."

. . . . . .

The Great Priest placed his hands on the heads of the young couple and, raising his eyes to heaven, chanted the words of the simple island marriage ceremony. When his voice had stopped, Kintu took Leana's hand in his own. Then all eyes turned and fixed on the beautiful Leana as her two attendants walked toward her. The drums played loudly and the choir sang as the two maidens took Leana's long, thick, black hair and wound it into a knot on the top of her head. When this was done, the music stopped and the couple arose, hand in hand, and walked from the altar back to the bride's home. The young unmarried girls whose black hair still flowed freely stood up next and left for the celebration. Then the rest of the crowd followed, eager for the merry making to begin.

All through the crowd ran whispers of how lucky Kintu was to have married the beautiful Leana. The young men of the island were openly jealous, for each one had dreamed of marrying Leana. Each had admired her smooth, golden brown skin, her eyes as black as night, and her lovely young body so slim and straight. It was said that when she spoke the birds themselves were silent to hear the bell-like voice. And when she smiled the sun itself was but a candle in comparison. Kintu was indeed a lucky man.

Inside her father's house, Leana stood in her husband's arms. "I love you," she whispered.

"And I love you my dearest," Kintu answered.

"Shall you love me always?"

"Always and always, forever and a day."

"Then everything is all right?"

"Yes, my love, everything is all right."

. . . . . .

Kintu sat in the hut of the Great Priest waiting for the latter to speak.

"How long have you been married, my son?" he queried.

"Just one year, wise father," Kintu responded.

"And what is it that troubles you? I have heard that you and Leana are the happiest of all the island couples and the most in love."

"Yes, wise father, that is true. But still something bothers me. May I open my heart to you?"

"Of course, my son."

"I love Leana with my whole life and being. She is the finest woman to have ever walked the earth, and I would rather die than see harm come to her. But there is with me always a great fear. She is beautiful beyond telling and as wonderful as a wife can be. She tries only to make me happy. I know that she loves me now, but I worry about what will come. How long will she be content with me and our poor living? How strong is her love for me; strong enough to last forever? That is what I wonder. I am afraid that someday she will see that she is far above me. This fear never leaves me, not even when she is telling me that she loves me. Oh wise father, where shall I turn? Is there no hope of solace for me?"

Kintu buried his face in his hands when he had thus spoken and harsh dry sobs shook his body. The Great Priest was a long time answering.

"My son there is always hope. But are you sure that you cannot settle this matter between yourselves?"

"Please father, I know that I need your help."

"Then I shall do all that I can. There is something I could give you that would make all your troubles disappear." The Great Priest seemed hesitant.

"Will it certainly work?"

"Yes, there is no doubt of that."

"Then give it to me."

"My son, sometimes men turn to magic for help when they don't really have to. Too often there are things that men forget." He picked up a packet of white powder. "I can give you this powder, and all your troubles will disappear, but you may not be happy with the results."

"If my troubles are driven from under my roof I shall be the most happy man on earth. What must I do?"

"Only sprinkle it around your house and your cares will vanish."

Kintu ran out, barely stopping to thank the Great Priest. He ran toward home, sure that the white powder he held could solve all his troubles.

He reached home out of breath and ran inside, sprinkling the white powder everywhere. Then he ran to Leana and held her close to him.

"Leana, I love you so very much."

"Oh, Kintu, you are my only one. I have waited for you to come for I have something to tell you. I am with child."

"Why dearest that is wonderful. We shall start our great family."

"What shall we call him?"

"Let us not worry over that now. Let us celebrate. I am the luckiest man in the world." Kintu turned his back on Leana and reached for a bottle on a shelf as he spoke. "My wife is beautiful, wonderful, loving and with child. From today all my troubles will disappear. Leana my love..."

Kintu turned back and Leana was gone. Where she had stood, where such radiance had glowed, there was empty space. He ran to the door, but she was not outside. "Leana, Leana dearest, where are you? You couldn't just disappear." His voice broke and he fell onto his knees sobbing. "Disappear, disappear, oh father what have I done? She was with child; we would have been parents. She was all I had, all I loved, and she loved me. But she's gone. How could I have been such a fool? Leana, oh my only one, come back; without you I am lost.

He raised his head and looked outside, but the sunny day had melted into driving rain. The smell of flowers no longer permeated the air. And the birds' love songs had been stilled. In all the world he was alone. Not even the sun would stay with him.

Then, as if in a dream, he heard his mother speak. Her voice was firm and strong, and she was saying, "...As long as neither ventures from that island, or doubts the strength of it..."

"How simple," he thought, "that's what I had forgotten. Her love was our island. Oh how could I have doubted?"

Kintu ran out of the door into the driving rain, into the lonely world, toward the hut of the Great Priest. In his heart he hoped and prayed, but in his mind he knew.

The One: A Sonnet

Sol-blinded walls radiate heat.
A gasping, rasping Solitaire
Struggles for a breath of air;
Stumbles forth on leaden feet
Toward the shining, blinding wall.
Within waits Comfort, Cool and Ease.
Lone falters forth on tortured knees
To Peace. He hears the distant call.
Mirage from molten sand ascends
To tempt with comfort, cool and ease.
Alone denies the lie, and pleas:
A dying Hope awakes and mends.
One nears to see the joyful Dove
Welcome him with wings of love.

Diana Galloway '60

Sister Joseph Francis, C.S.J.

Pentecost

Fire-forth flame!
    Startle dimness.
Blaze bright your bounty--
    Warm weak wick
        with winning flight.
    Kindle kind Light!

Burn flame!
    Wing deep dove Spirit--
And embrace with held heat
    my blown being.
Melt stiff candle,
    mingle--flow heavenward.
Soft substance Seize Simplicity.
    Love!

Sheila Sullivan '63

Plane

A silver-scaled fish of man's own making
Within whose belly we are not bound
By any common thing
Spheres separate not merging
Each of and in his own.

But I am tired of small-circled thoughts
Hope steals new spears of light:
An ancient's hard dried wisdom
The liquid joy of children
A mother's tenderness
wrought by life and death

The centers of all I wish to have. . .
It cannot be so in this silver-scaled fish
For we have caged ourselves
New day Jonases alone in darkness
With but the feel of steel for comfort.

Patricia Dern '60

Doom in Marlowe's Symbols

Christopher Marlowe's play, The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus, has often been criticized for a lack of unity. I feel, however, that the symbolic use of time and color forms a cohesive bond which maintains the effect of impending doom. I shall show that Marlowe achieves this effect by the unifying power of his symbols.

A brief summary of the play will refresh in our minds the main theme of action. Dr. Faustus sitting in his study is taking stock of his knowledge. He finds that he has exhausted the fields of Philosophy, Medicine, Law, and Theology. There now lies before him the exciting prospect of necromancy. Valdes and Cornelius, two friends practiced in magic, tell Faustus how to conjure up a devil. Paying no heed to the warning voice of a good angel, the would-be magician retires to a grove to try his luck. Mephistophilis appears and through him a pact is arranged with the devil. Faustus, writing with blood, solemnly bequeathes his soul to Satan in return for twenty-four years of enjoyment in necromancy. Time passes and Faustus amuses himself with a variety of tricks. Finally, the day of payment arrives. Great fear seizes the errant doctor, he despairs of God's saving power, and the devils claim Faustus as their own.

With the story in mind, we can now begin to trace the symbolism. No exact definition can be given to a symbol. However, here we are considering symbols as words or images which connote further meanings. As it is used in literature, symbolism is meant to enrich the thought and experience of the reader (or viewer) and to cause him to feel certain emotions. In the play, Dr. Faustus, I find that the two symbols of time reference and color help to convey the experience of death and despair.

The words that Faustus utters before his initial venture into the black art contain references to both the symbolic elements which we are discussing. "For ere I sleep I'll try what I can do: / This night I'll conjure tho' I die therefore." Time and color are bound together by the words "This night." Climaxing his decision with the phrase "tho' I die therefore" gives evidence that even in the mind of the doctor a connection exists between time, color, and death.

Time becomes an issue and receives its first importance as a symbol when the pact with Lucifer is signed. The significance of this twenty-four year time limit is, after a brief reflection, dismissed from the mind of Faustus. With Mephistophilis as a companion, he thoroughly enjoys evil pleasures, depravity, and magic pranks; at one time he exclaims to Lucifer in delight, "O, this feeds my soul!"

Certain parts of the play, for instance the scene in the Pope's chamber, are a direct bid for the approval of the groundlings (uneducated workmen) so numerous at Elizabethan plays. In this chamber scene, we find broad comedy provided by Faustus as he rudely snatches gifts of food and wine from the Pope's hands and constantly makes insulting remarks much to the consternation of the Pope and his companions. These pranks are achieved under cover of invisibility, another charm provided by Mephistophilis. Additional comedy relief to delight the audience comes with the return of the friars to chant a curse upon the invisible one (Faustus).

As Faustus enjoys himself he is not thinking of his fate and yet some underlying force is necessary to hold the play together as a unity. This force is the realization of the passing of time by the audience. They are conscious that the actions performed while time passes and through the devil's intercession damn Faustus.

Faustus finally rejoins the audience's level of awareness when he realizes that "time doth run with calm and silent foot". Later time again emerges as paramount when Faustus despairingly calls out:

> Where art thou, Faustus/wretch, what hast thou done?
> Damned art thou, Faustus, damned; despair and die!
> Hell calls for right, and with a roaring voice
> Says, "Faustus! come! Thine hour is (almost) come!"

Here we see he has finally grasped the significance of his action which the audience was aware of from the beginning, and he shows this awareness by using the word "hour" which is a measure of time.

The last scene of the play plunges Faustus and the audience into the realization and horror that there is only one hour left:

> Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
> And then thou must be damned perpetually!
> Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
> That time may cease, and midnight never come;

His plea "Stand still" recalls how all through the play silently moving time has been an instrument of his doom.

The final hour passes. The clock strikes out eleven, eleven-thirty, twelve! Tension mounts and then:

> Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight
> And burned is Apollo's laurel bough,

That sometimes grew within this learned man.

Faustus is gone,

Faustus' death climaxes the time symbolism and his doom is forever sealed.

If we consider now the role of color, we can see how this second symbol re-inforces the unity of effect attained first through time. The colors predominant in the play are gold, black, white, red, and green.

Gold is mentioned most frequently. It is used to symbolize the rich glittering pleasures of the world. Faustus in thinking of the power he will have over the spirits says, "I'll have them fly to India for gold,/Ransack the ocean for orient pearl." This enraptured glance at his powers is furthered by Valdes and Cornelius who tell him the spirits, if he so desires, will bring back the golden fleece from America. The avarice which gold symbolizes is dramatically revealed in the scene in which the Vices talk to Faustus. Here, the second Vice, whose name is Covetousness makes his exit with the exclamation, "O my sweet gold!"

Underlying the gaudy glitter and sham brightness caused by the use of gold is the somber and foreboding atmosphere created by the conflict of black and white. These colors, while not too apparent to the reader, must have been very startling and significant to the Elizabethan audience who could see the actors as well as hear the words.

Black is the color worn by Faustus and the devils. It is a commonly recognized symbol of death. Always with, and surrounding Faustus, it is a constant reminder to the audience of the creeping death hovering around the doctor. The good angels dressed in white represent the struggle of Faustus' conscience against the bad black angels.

The black atmosphere of impending doom is helped along by certain allusions. The gloomy shadow of the earth covers the grove in which Faustus goes to conjure. Mephistophilis returns at midnight to procure the written oath from Faustus which seals his fate. Devilish activities appear to thrive best under the cover of darkness, and Lucifer promises the doctor a visit to Hell at the bewitching hour of twelve.

Red, while never mentioned by name, lends itself to the overall atmosphere as blood--the blood of damnation and the blood of redemption. When Faustus first pricks his arm to write his bond to Satan, his blood congeals in revolt against the wicked deed. However, later in the play when Faustus re-affirms his pledge, his blood flows freely. Thus the change which had come over him is symbolized. In his final anguish, Faustus cries:

See, see where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!

See, see where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!
One drop would save my soul--half a drop: Ah, my Christ!

There, blood has been converted from a symbol of death to one of redemption which, however, in this case will never be achieved. The anguish of Faustus is so great he would "gush forth blood instead of tears" if it were possible. A horrible perversion of the damnation-redemption symbolism occurs when Faustus declares:

The God thou serv'st is thine own appetite,
Wherein is fixed the love of Belzebub;
To him I'll build an altar and a church,
And offer luke warm blood of new-born babes.

Christ's offering of his blood to his Father is mocked by Faustus' offering to the devil.

The last color to be used as a symbol is green--this occurs but once in the play. The time for the payment of the debt is coming closer and Faustus is returning home after performing wonders near and far. A brief interlude of refreshment and hope appears in the scene as Faustus and Mephistophilis walk past a fair and pleasant green. Here for a moment we wonder if refreshing hope will come to Faustus' soul as the scenery refreshes his body. But then Faustus returns to his evil tricks, the spark of hope fades, and they pass back into the realm of the Black Art.

After considering these two aspects of Marlowe's play, namely, time and color in the light of their symbolism we can see how they are linked together and work as a unit to give and maintain the effect of doom--the awful doom of a soul about to be damned forever whose anguished owner called out:

O soul, be changed into little water-drops,
And fall into the ocean--ne'er to be found.

Arline Martin '61

Cinquain for an Ant

The ant

Walked up the path.

He looked around with pride,

For he supported on his back

Two crumbs.

Jonnie Patricia Mobley '61

June Again

I hate the summer,
The way it makes me feel,
So young, so eager, so hopeful.
Autumn never promises,
Never disappoints.

Despair

The world
is lovely, dark and deep,
I have no promises to keep
And so what else is there to do
But sleep.

Judi and Judy '60

Pore Tor

There once was a beatnick named Tor
Whose beard nearly reached to the floor.
But one day he slipped
On his beard he had tripped,
So Tor wears a beardnick no more!

Kathy Ann '63

Pilate

This year of Our Caesar
finished with a
    sim
    ple
    lit
    tle
question
Are you the king of the
    Jews?
(You realize the lunacy
 of such a suggestion)

However, he did offer
some affirmation
(and I for one, wish he
 would take his whole
    nation
        and lead 'em back over Jordan
        the way they came
        so that things on this side could be the
                same
        as they were before. . .no matter how they
        were before.)

Now, I've always been referred to as a fair
judge
But then he expected that I'd care -
that I would have more than a judicial
part
He wanted me to take to heart
what <u>he</u> said.

Judy Krommer '63

And after all, I ask you
Am I a Jew?
A member of a nation
that depletes its own
population?
(look at Isaac and Jacob
and Abel and Cain
I've heard of them. . .
they've inflicted pain -
but then, I've never heard of a
peaceful one.)
And now, this one thinks he's
the God. . .the God
(And this is what he's been
getting at)
He may think he's shocking me
(he is in a way)
But any emperor will tell you
that.

But this is a one God of Truth he says
And What is Truth?
What can I Believe?
That an informer has more reason to grieve
over His death
than I.
So I have found one peaceful Jew
too late for barter or
trade (I tried that, and what a row
it made.)

Into the water I dip my hand and
from this point, swear off the land. . .
and off the people too.
Later on, an Arimathean will come and find me.
But no Jew.

Dora Szabo '60

Crystal of Wine

There was a guest for dinner. My father poured yellow wine into thin stemmed glasses. I watched the wine make a clucking noise against the patterned glass. They drank and put their half-filled glasses on the white, pearl-lustered table cloth.

I walked over to the living room. The radio was on. I loved to watch the numbers on the glass where the pink light shone. My father said the music from the inside came from far away--Budapest. I wondered how that could be and peeked behind the glass to see where the sound came from. But I couldn't tell.

Mother wasn't quite ready. I knew from the light in the bedroom. She was combing her hair. The beds were blue and beside one of them stood two suitcases.

Sometimes the radio would tell about enemy airplanes. The sirens in the city would scream and we would go to our cellar. It had a thick oak door that my father had ordered specially made. There was an old iron bed inside. I sometimes slept on it.

We always took our suitcases, but the airplanes just went over. In the daytime you could count their shining silver bodies.

If the radio said anything we always went--I listened--only music. I knew Pinocchio and Cinci were inside the suitcases so I ran my finger across the brown surface.

I heard my father calling from the dining room. My mother hurried out and I went after her.

"We must leave immediately," my father said.

"But why? There is no alarm. Dinner is ready, we can eat right away. If the sirens come we can go to our cellar."

"No. We must go to the justice building, the cellar there is better built."

My mother looked at our guest.

"All right we will go. But please sit down to dinner. If there is an alarm. . . ."

"No," my father interrupted. His voice sounded strange. "We must go now. Tonight they will bomb Szatmar!"

He turned to go into the bedroom. I knew he went for the suitcases. Our guest looked at my mother. He was a tall man, like my father. He was our friend.

"Please, we'd better do as he says." He made a movement with his hand toward his head. "Don't mind the dinner, just

do as he says."

My mother understood, and they looked at each other as if they both knew something special--something strange.

My father came with the suitcases. All the lights were turned off. He locked the front gate. The streets were dark. You could see the stars between the tall buildings. But there were no planes. No one was out. We couldn't go fast enough, my father hurried so. Our steps against the sidewalk made the only sound.

The tall shadow of the justice building was ahead. There --a low buzzing sound overhead, many sounds. I didn't have to look up; we knew they were bombers.

We reached the building. My father said something to a guard on duty. We ran up some dim brown stairs, and the sirens started whining. Their voices rose and fell: shrill and deep, fighting with the loud voices of the bombers.

We ran down many stairs. The huge cellar door closed behind us. There was a shrill sound that started high up and rushed down the scale as it came closer. Then a big hollow sound that shook the building. The first bomb had fallen.

* * *

The big grey cellar filled with people. They came with frightened eyes. Their breath caught as they sat on the benches.

In one corner there was a radio, near it were two candles. Some listened to the reporter's voice, others to the whistle of the bomb and the hollow sound of the explosion. They said if you could hear it whistling it was all right, it wasn't close.

Sometimes you could feel the building shake. It was the strongest building in the city, but it shook. There were many explosions at once and the man's voice crackled in the radio. Then there was silence. The planes were turning.

You held your breath until you heard the whistle again and then the bomb. Sometimes they were spaced even, like the ticking of a clock: whizz--bang, whizz--bang. Only they started somewhere, far away and quiet at first. Then you heard them with one ear coming closer. There was a pause. --We looked at the ceiling until you could hear them with your other ear, going away.

They said that was a carpet and I imagined a colored one like in our living room, spread over the city.

The building trembled with many explosions and the radio went out. Only the candles shone. They quivered as the grey walls trembled against their light. People were talking in low voices. Some didn't speak. I sat on my mother's lap and listened. Someone started crying. The talking and crying sounded so small with

the bombs all around us.

I don't know why--maybe because I listened further away and caught a piece of silence above the planes--I started to pray.

I slid from my mother's lap to the stone floor of the cellar.

"Hail Mary, full of grace. . ."

The bombs went on and on. We knew their voices now. Inside the cellar the people echoed: "Hail Mary, full of grace. . . "

I heard the grown up voices behind me. Some you couldn't hear, they only moved their lips.

"Our father, who art in heaven. . ." It was like one big voice, and its rhythm was different from the whizz-bang of the clock outside.

I heard my mother's voice very close: "Thy kingdom come, Thy will. . ."

* * *

The next morning dawned. My father came to tell us that our house stood, but many others were gone.

He had been to the bishop's palace. All the priests had been killed, except one, who was saying mass in the prison chapel.

My father told it on the way to our house as I have heard him tell it many times since.

"The Bishop's palace is demolished except for the entrance. The picture of the Virgin and Child is still hanging in the hallway." His voice held a deep-strung chord as if he tried to keep his feelings from shaking. "But the wall behind the picture is split ---in the form of a cross.

Our neighborhood was lucky, only some windows broken.

We entered from the garden. It looked the same; my swing hung between the pines as always. But the cellar door was gone, split into little pieces, like those that fall from the wood-chopper's ax. We went down the stairs. The iron bed was there, rolled like a wire sausage with the mattress inside. No one spoke.

My father had known.

* * *

We passed another night in the cellar of the justice building. I don't remember how long we stayed, only that there were more bombs and the people's faces shook in the grey candle light.

When it was over, my mother and I slept in a private room of the building. My father had gone out; he almost never slept now.

We sat in bed when we heard his footsteps on the stairs. A dim light was outside the window, but I couldn't see my father's face. His voice held that deep-strung chord.

"The street is gone. You couldn't tell the houses apart. Only ours, you know where it was because--the swing is hung between the pines."

A kiss and a touch and he was gone. My arms didn't reach around her but I felt my mother's body slowly shake. I felt her crying against me. I don't remember if I cried at all. Everything was gone. Our home was no more. My mother knew. But for me the realization came slowly and the wonder of new knowledge dried up the tears.

I was wide awake. For a moment I saw beyond that night, beyond white sheets gleaming in the darkness.

"Don't cry, mother, please don't. We will have it again. Someday it will be all right--we will have another house.

Even as I spoke, with the fickleness of children's dreams my vision left. Knowledge was full now and the pain was almost adult. We cried together.

* * *

Next morning was grey, as all our mornings seemed to be. My father returned with some of the things they had saved from the house.

I remember the radio was there, brown and silent. The front was smashed in; some loose wires hung out. I stepped close to see what had made the music, but it was cold to my touch.

Some other things came back in boxes. Everything looked out of place.

My mother and father were talking quietly:

"You know the dining room" he said, "--just bricks, but the table stood--on three legs. The table cloth, a little torn--but on the end one thin stemmed, crystal glass stood half-filled with wine."

FANTASY IN BLACK (continued from page 8)

our stomachs while the women daintily dabbed their eyes. Right after it was over, it started to storm and somehow we all felt that this was just right. And as we slowly walked home, each said, although not too loudly, how Judas and the devil must be getting along fine together because they're both the same color.

Presentation

Who announced this from the beginning
and foretold it from of old?
Was it not I, the Lord.

For the living are constantly being
handed over to death for Jesus' sake,
that the life also of Jesus may be made
manifest in our mortal flesh.

In that moment
suspended from all others
she understands my words:
the loss, the absence
she turned aside to lift her eyes
and follow the ascending branches
I held her hand, and
I prayed she thought well
there was no betrayal, desertion, regret
The stream of Life is deeper there
I said, and we left the shade
of an ancient tree
to climb the temple stair.
I, too, looked up, yet not so far
this last Love came from me, old Anna.
No life remains that is not given up.

(Poem II, from Birth: A Sequence)

Patricia Fitzgerald '58

. . . to watch running water,
Is to know a secret . . .

XIV *Runes*, Howard Nemerov